



THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

SEPTEMBER

1938



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Our Cover

An orphan of Maryknoll in Fushun tempted by Manchu grapes.

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MARYKNOLL: An American foundation for foreign missions which includes two distinct Societies, one for priests and Brothers and one for Sisters.

The Maryknoll Fathers

The Catholic Foreign
Mission Society of America, Inc.
(legal title)

Most Rev. J. E. Walsh, M.M.,
Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, and to assist them in their labors in the mission fields assigned to the Society by the Holy See, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

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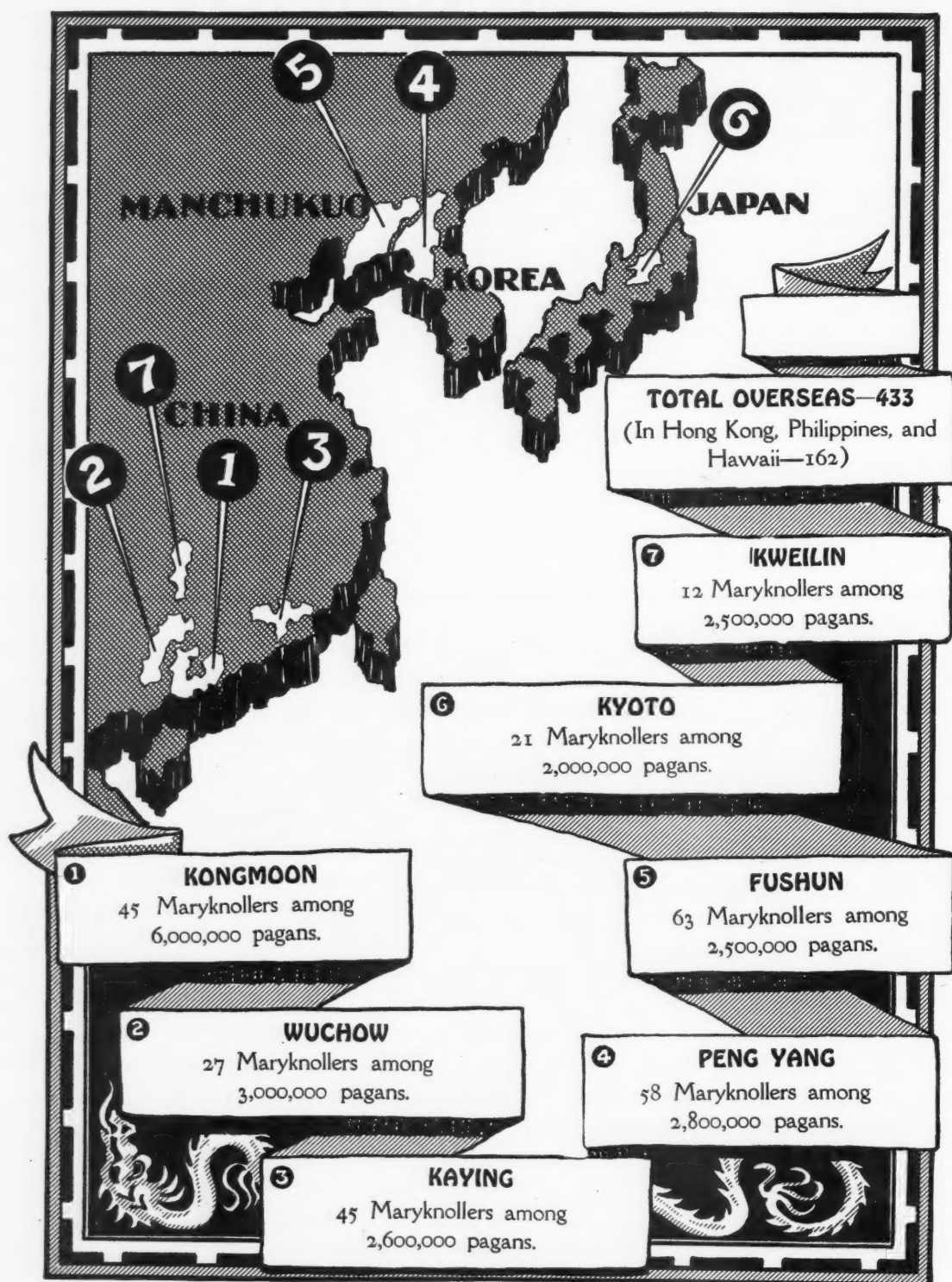
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Maryknoll Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, now overseas

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Two Decades Overseas

ON the afternoon of November 2, 1918, the first Maryknoll missionaries debarked at Hong Kong in South China. They were horror-stricken when they looked over the ship's side at the coolie pandemonium on the quay below—how would they get through alive with their baggage? Happily a friend from the Paris Procure was on hand and solved the problem.

How disgusted they or any Maryknollers would be today, if they caught themselves feeling disturbed over a similar trifle. Maryknollers overseas are now at home in the East, with a passing knowledge of Easterners and a familiarity with Eastern ways. It seems as but yesterday since the start, but twenty years have fled.

November day were decidedly limited. Maryknoll's Father James Anthony Walsh, as pathfinder, had journeyed the length of the China Coast a year previously and, at the southern extremity, found Bishop de Guebriant of Canton, who proposed that the fledglings from America begin their labors in an outlying portion of his territory. The Holy See approved this plan; and Rome, Europe, the Far East, and America itself waited to see if these creatures out of the soil of America could carry on successfully as missionaries.

After two decades one thing seems clear, that many young men born in America have made good as Catholic missionaries, that Maryknoll, a product entirely of America, has as a missionary instrument won the confidence and trust of Holy

maculate Conception, and filled their eyes with the sights of the great metropolis of South China.

All this was a prelude to the expedition into the actual field of labor. Finally, on December 19 the missionaries wrote, "At last we are really off for our mission, and, God willing, we shall arrive there within three days." With Father Gauthier of Canton, who devoted himself most whole-heartedly to our Maryknoll pioneers, they journeyed to Yeung-kong and set up the first Maryknoll household overseas.

Thus December 25, 1918, was the first Maryknoll mission Christmas. "And such a Christmas!" wrote Father Price. "A Christmas we never experienced or conceived of in all our lives!"



Maryknoll baptisms in twenty years run to a total of approximately one hundred and fifty thousand.

Maryknoll missionaries have increased from the four priests who reached Hong Kong in November, 1918, to 177 priests and thirteen Brothers in the East today. Maryknoll Sisters have since entered on the scene and number 243 overseas. Thus the Maryknoll family in mission lands has grown to a round 450.

Maryknoll responsibilities in the East when the first group arrived that No-

Mother Church and the esteem of all dedicated to the spread of the Faith.

From Hong Kong the first Maryknollers went to Canton, where they busied themselves immediately with the language, baptized infants in the orphanage of the Canadian Sisters of the Im-

This first band dug itself in, and eventually the territory, which embraced Yeungkong, became the Vicariate of Kongmoon. Including ten Sisters, forty-five Maryknollers labor there today.

During Maryknoll's second year in the East, another bishop, the shepherd of

Nanning in neighboring Kwangsi, asked the "rookie" Americans to take a portion of his territory. The Holy See consented, and two priests entered this field in 1920. Today we have there the Vicariate of Wuchow, with twenty-seven Knollers at work. This figure includes the five Sisters who are there.

Six years after the foundation in Yeungkong, a third bishop in South China sent Maryknoll an invitation. Thus in 1925, again with Rome's consent and encouragement, the then Father Ford shook a *day-day* to the companions of

Father, later Bishop, Walsh, the pathfinder, travels the China Coast.



Left: Maryknoll's Founder on a pioneer journey through Korea.



Below: Young Japanese bid welcome to Father Boesflug.

his first years and journeyed north to the hinterland of Swatow, where the Hakka Chinese live. Today the Vicariate of Kaying, under Bishop Ford, counts forty-five Maryknollers, of whom thirteen are Sisters.

A fourth field in South China came to Maryknoll in the early 30's. Bishop Albouy of Nanning, on the northern borders of the Wuchow Vicariate, proposed that Maryknoll assume charge of still another portion of Nanning territory. For a time this became a part of Wuchow under Monsignor Meyer, but in 1938 the Holy See set up the region as the Prefecture of Kweilin. Here a dozen Knollers labor under Monsignor Romaniello.

Less than three years after the foundation at Yeungkong there were stirrings in quite another corner of the Far East. This was up on the northern borders of Korea where, as in South China, the Paris Missioners labored. Bishop Mutel of Seoul, quite as his confreres of the south, conceived the idea of inviting the cooperation of Maryknoll. The Holy See approved very readily, and in early 1923 Father Byrne left the homeland to



make the start. Today the Prefecture of Peng Yang is the field of thirty-four Maryknoll priests and Brothers, and twenty-four Sisters.

Across the Yalu River in Manchukuo, Bishop Blois of Mukden noted the young Americans in Korea. "I can give them a stamping ground worthy of their mettle," he decided, and in 1925 arrangements were completed through the Holy See. In 1927 the first Knollers entered Manchukuo. Today, in the Prefecture of Fushun, sixty-three Knollers are at work. Thirty-two of this number are Sisters.

Finally, there is Japan. The first request to commence work there came from Rome in 1933. In 1935 the initial band of missionaries arrived, and in 1937 the Prefecture of Kyoto became a reality.

Today Maryknollers in Eastern Asia labor in seven territories, which embracing 142,000 square miles, are twice the size of New England and, with a population of twenty million non-Christians, count three times the inhabitants of New England.

On the quality of the Maryknoll work during these two decades, God will decide. The Catholic population in Maryknoll fields has grown steadily from the meager remnants inherited from the past to a body of sixty thousand. The last annual harvest totaled 7,413 adult baptisms. The complete list of baptisms of converts, of children of Christians, and of the dying during these twenty years runs to approximately one hundred and fifty thousand.

Most Maryknollers are too eager for the future to dwell much on the past.



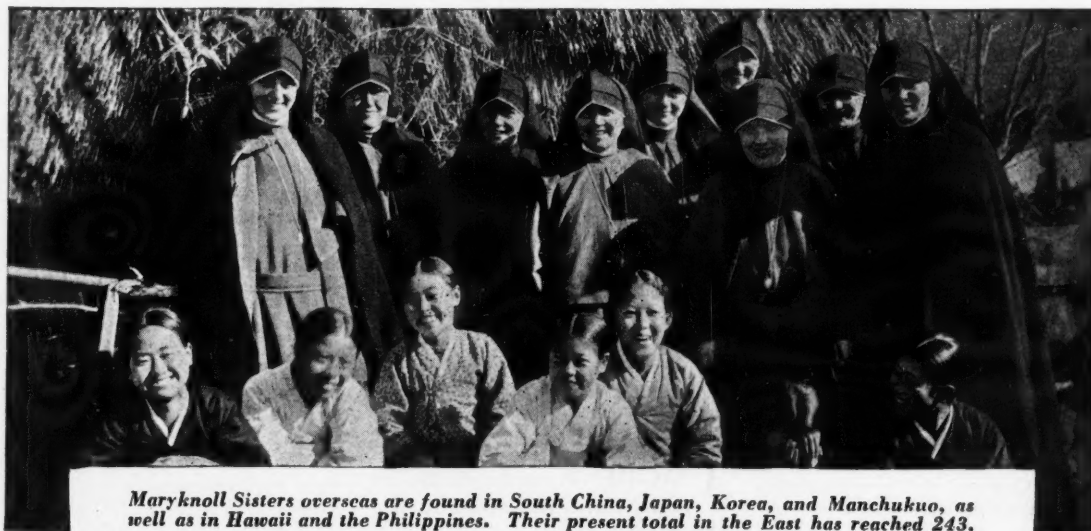
Bishop Ford, now Vicar of Kaying, was one of the first four to reach the East in November, 1918. Today Maryknollers overseas have increased to 433.

They feel that for the most part they have been equipping themselves for a major contest still ahead—they have been but preparing to commence.

Twenty years back one of the vanguard to the East wrote, "This morning we stepped onto the soil of China. No, we did not fall down to kiss it nor did we plant a cross on the sand, or rather,

mud; but we were not unmindful that this was 'the land of our dreams,' and something akin to a thrill went through us. What does the future hold for us in this new world of souls?"

The answer is not yet, but in these twenty years we see the deployment that under God will bring precious quarry to the Master.



Maryknoll Sisters overseas are found in South China, Japan, Korea, and Manchukuo, as well as in Hawaii and the Philippines. Their present total in the East has reached 243.



A Modern Job's Gratitude

Rev. John C. Murrett, M. M.



FATHER WINTHROP loved a boat ride. Returning to his Japanese mission at Bunju in the coal-mining town of Manchukuo, he was already on deck, reading his breviary, when he heard the unmistakable accent of American tourists boarding the same little Chinese vessel.

Father Winthrop was as human as you and I, and being a social animal was always glad to see someone from home. However a little frown creased his brow as he felt that his peaceful voyage was to be marred by a thousand and one questions which tourists all over the world can think up and then forget. He was occupying the only portion of deck space available, and now he must share this with five or six others coming aboard. "It might not be so bad," he told himself after the introductions and the discovery that all the passengers were Catholics.

Where he was from, where he was working, did he know so-and-so, and did he really like it, were all safely answered and set aside, when one of the party asked the question: "Do they really make good converts, Father? Do they stick at it after they're baptized?"

"Well, I'll tell you the story of one man in my mission," the priest replied, "and I shall leave it to you to judge for yourself."

Thus Father Winthrop began one of his stranger-than-fiction tales:

"Paul Arami was one of the first Japanese men I met when I went to Bunju some years ago to open a Japanese mission there. For twenty years he had been a Sunday-school teacher in a non-Catholic Church, and was considered a pillar of the community. Paul had a stationery store. On one occasion I needed

a typewriter ribbon, which he didn't have in stock, but he obtained it for me and brought it to the mission. That day his conversion began.

"Almost immediately after his baptism, old friends who had warned him of the bad luck which would attend the abandoning of his old religion were able to begin the litany of their 'I told you so!' His baby daughter died quite suddenly the next week; his wife, grieving over the death of her child, fell ill soon after and, six months later, followed her little girl. Towards the end of the year an epidemic broke out in the mining town, and two of Paul's boys smiled their way into heaven. But Paul continued looking up to the Cross through his grief, and grew ever stronger in his Faith.

"Then came a financial blow. The Japanese do not sign their names to documents or notes as we do, but each one has his own *han*, a small rubber stamp bearing his own personal seal. One of the clerks in Paul's shop had been using his employer's *han* to vouch for his own notes and other debts. When disclosure seemed imminent the clerk departed, leaving behind him a series of obligations which totaled almost five thousand dollars.

"Paul came to the mission that evening. 'I am ruined!' he said. 'The creditors all want the immediate return of their money, and I haven't anywhere near that amount. My family's good name has been ruined!'

"I suggested that the poor fellow make an agreement with the bank to deposit a certain amount each month, and that

the bank apportion out to the creditors some of the amount due them, until the entire amount should be repaid. For four years Paul scraped and economized, and finally the amount in full was repaid.

"In the meantime, my little flock had increased to such an extent that the small straw-matted room which we had used for a chapel was crowded out on to the veranda. Then Paul solved my problem for me.

"One night, when I was on the point of becoming discouraged with what seemed a hopeless situation, I saw Paul kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament. On his way out he stopped and bowed to me. 'I have just promised Our Lord something, and I thought I'd better tell you,' he began. 'When things looked very bad for me, and I didn't know what to do, you suggested a plan which saved my face and the honor of my family. It wasn't easy, at first, to make the necessary sacrifices to meet the monthly demand of the bank, but gradually I became accustomed to it, and now I would not want to discontinue it. So I have promised Our Lord that, with His help, I will continue putting away the same amount each month, asking the bank, however, to apply the sum to *your* creditors, so that you may build a second story to this little place—a chapel, something worthy of our good God.'

Father Winthrop's eyes swept the little circle gathered around him and said: "The man was another Job, with that holy man's patience and loving dependence on God, and yet his is but one of many similar stories I could tell you. 'Do they really make good converts—do they stick at it after they are baptized?' Well, now, what do you think?"

**A SACRIFICE made multiplies
many times the amount of a
gift to the missions**

LIFTING OUR HEAD IN LAIPO

Father Joseph Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass., describes a feat of pioneering in the new Prefecture of Kweilin, the erection of the first Maryknoll-built station.



THREE years ago Laipo was merely a prospect; two years ago I said Mass there on Christmas day for a congregation of twelve people; one year ago on Christmas the congregation had grown to two hundred, with 130 communicants; today we have 250 baptized Catholics, 50 catechumens, and prospects for the conversion of several villages. The number of conversions at Laipo is not remarkable perhaps, but the increase has been steady.

While building operations were going on, we were able to do very little real mission work, but our compound is now completed, and the worries of that long process are safely sandwiched between the bricks. Now we can begin to build on other foundations. We started off with a reading room and dispensary. These we have not abandoned, and we have added catechumenates, a pre-novitiate, and a training school for catechists. Our dispensary cares for close to a hundred cases each market day, and we have twenty or thirty patients who come in for daily treatment. In the past six months we baptized sixty dying pagans, so the dispensary is doing good work. Medicines are expensive, but they are an excellent means of advertising

the charity of the Church, and they give us an opportunity to win many souls.

From the outset we had a good number of men visiting our reading room every day. True, at first most of them came only to read the newspaper, but they helped to publish the fact that there was a Catholic church in the city.

When we opened our catechist school, we had eight men and four women students. As we were unable to hire suitable women teachers, the Bishop of Nanning loaned us two of his native Sisters. The training of catechists is an important work. The growth of the Church and the quality of our Christians depend in no small measure on the catechists. We started out with a summer course,

and by September it had developed into a school for all the catechists in the Kweilin section.

Our first catechumenate was run in a country village. It netted us forty baptisms. We have prospects for openings in more villages, but this part of our work depends on the catechist school. Until we have graduate catechists, we can have but few catechumenates.

At the beginning of the new year we opened a pre-novitiate for native Sisters. We have nineteen aspirants. A native Sister, assisted by two women teachers, took charge of the school. The school did not have a very tranquil beginning. Thieves broke into the convent the first night and stole all the aspirants' clothes, towels, and wash basins.

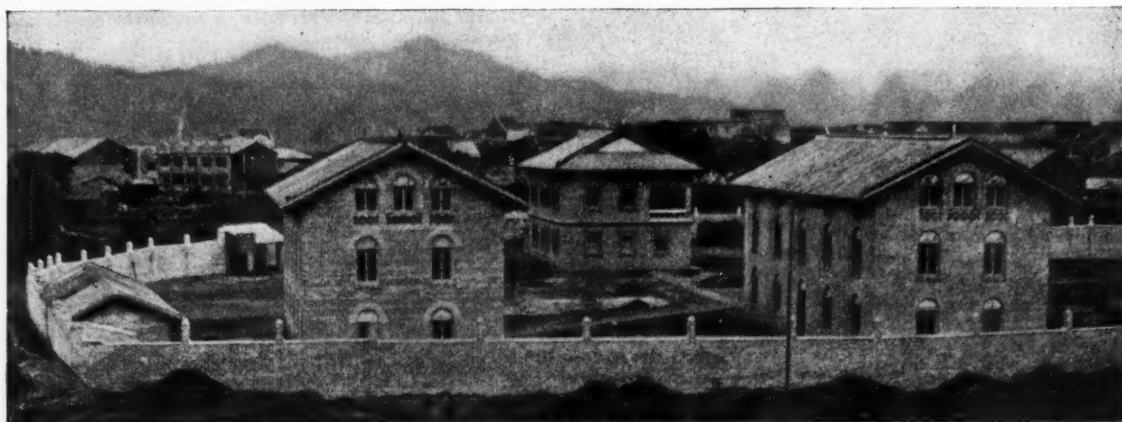
From the first shovelful of dirt to the last tile, the mission of Laipo was built by Maryknoll. Most of our other missions in this district were inherited from the French Fathers. The compound is now completed and surrounded with a sturdy wall. It includes a convent, school, and rectory. The building of this unit was made possible through the generosity of the Propagation of the Faith Society in Boston, which dedicated it as a memorial to the benefactors of the Boston Office.

Now don't you agree that we are beginning to lift our head at Laipo? A prayer from you will go a long way to help us keep on the *up-and-up*. You won't refuse us that bit of cooperation, will you?



Above: The gate house at Laipo

Below: The completed compound, including convent, school, and rectory.





Father John by his books in his "air-conditioned home"

KWANGTUNG HOME

Father John Heemskerk, once of Holland, now of Kongmoon, finds a poet's world in the lowly things about him.

A YEAR ago I came to Tung Ngon Hui to establish a new mission. The house I rented had to serve as chapel, dispensary, and a home for the catechist and cook as well as for myself. We have such a full house that the only space left for me is the air-conditioned loft, which has no south wall. The birds from the nearby hills fly right into my room. Their song is a treat for me and makes of my poor little room a palace, a place where beauty reigns.

I cut some branches from a rose bush and various trees and stuck them into the ground around my new home. They have all taken root, and I now have a beautiful garden growing up around my little palace.

Of course there are some downs among the ups. We had six chickens all laying eggs. A few weeks ago they all, one

after another, died. There was nothing else to do but bury all the fresh eggs. At that point my thoughts were heading off the cheerful track, somewhat. The next day a poor gent of the mission brought me another chicken, and now I am much cheered. If I get five more such gifts, I shall be as well off as ever.

The people in this section are as poor as you can find anywhere in this world. They are so poor that the Sunday collection amounts generally to three or four cents from a congregation of fifty people, each giving a few pennies. (Twelve pennies make one cent here.) Their homes are mud-brick huts; the walls are all uniformly decorated in yellow—the natural color of the clay. The only furni-

ture is the tools they use to work their rice fields. On a clear night you can see the stars twinkle through the holes in the roof.

My people work hard in the fields from daybreak until dark. In the evenings they weave baskets and bake small cakes. On market day they walk many miles to market in order to sell those products. When I stay overnight in their native huts while on mission trips, I find them always pleasant and cheerful in their work. I have to tear myself away from them, when time comes to go to bed. These poor, unlettered country folk are as charming as the daisies in the fields. They are poor in spirit and joyful of heart.

The missionary lives a happy life, walking over the pretty hills and crossing peaceful murmuring brooks, smoking his pipe, tending his chickens, planting his garden, teaching the simple people of his flock. All this, however, is but part of his joy. His Lord and Master makes of the whole a paradise, for his help is from the Lord who made heaven and earth, who daily comes to him at Mass, who speaks to him in the pages of the Gospels and the Breviary, thus surrounding him with golden counsels, a watchword from Himself every day.

Father John paddles his boat on one of the canals near his Kwangtung home.



Lao Hsu and the Family Curse

Blindness put a heavy hand on him and his progenitors, but with it came great vision and great beauty. Father Sullivan, of Scranton, Pa., tells the story.

AT birth, Lao Hsu was both blessed and afflicted: blessed, because his family could boast of being one of the first Christian families in all China; afflicted, because from birth he had to bear the family curse of blindness. Not that he was totally blind; he could see sufficiently well to make his way about, but he could not take part in any of his playmates' rough sports, which required above all keen vision.

In his childhood, Lao Hsu's family was of considerable importance in the Christian community, for his father was the catechist of the Catholic mission in the flourishing city of Antung. Lao Hsu had three brothers and two sisters, who were more fortunate than he, having been blessed with good vision.

Time brought youth and manhood to Lao Hsu, and great changes to Antung. One day they heard rumors of a fierce war being waged between great nations of the West. It was a pity that the foreigners could not settle their differences without bayonets and bullets. But surely the great conflict could not affect Antung, for it was far away. Then suddenly the French Fathers of the mission went away and did not return. Lao Hsu could not understand it. Those who professed to know declared that the war was to blame; but just how, they could not say.

Fourteen years passed, and still Antung had no priest. Lao Hsu's brothers and sisters all left their home to find a place in the world outside the mission walls, but he and his parents remained to keep careful watch over the mission compound. Some day a priest would surely come!

At last their hopes were fulfilled. Priests came, but not the missionaries of France. The new priests were from America, the *Beautiful Country*. Their language and customs were different from those of the other Fathers, but what did that matter? They were priests. Once again Mass was offered on the heights of Antung; once again the mission bell summoned them to the House of God.

Years slipped by, and death claimed Lao Hsu's parents. Their passing caused him grief, and perhaps a bit of envy, for he knew they had gone to claim their rewards, while he must continue to per-

form his round of simple duties. And those duties he still performs, at the Maryknoll mission.

Time and time again, he cautiously edges his way down the steep path from the mission and then sturdily trudges his way back up again, bending slightly beneath the weight of his overflowing water buckets, as he had done ever since he was big enough to bear the yoke of the shoulder bar. Morning, noon, and night, he solemnly tolls the Angelus bell. Each evening, he carefully locks the mission gate and the church door; each morning, he opens them wide. And then, of course, there is the mail. He is the mission's trusted letter carrier, and well indeed does he fulfill the duties of his office. Each outgoing letter is brought close to his one poor eye, which possesses yet a little vision, to make sure that it bears the correct Chinese characters thereon. When mail arrives from Amer-

ica, he is all smiles: for according to all the rules and regulations, the young missionaries must give him cigarettes as a reward for safely delivering such treasures.

Lao Hsu has leisure time, and it is not wasted. He knows all the prayers by heart, even those which are used only on special occasions. And how well he has learned the doctrine! His practical knowledge of the truths of the Faith puts to shame many a more fortunate Christian who has eyes to see, but who will not use them to learn.

And this is Lao Hsu, a gentle, trustworthy soul. His affliction he bears with cheerful resignation; his simple duties are performed with unswerving faithfulness. Although but little light can penetrate through the dimmed eyes of his body, yet in his soul there blazes the supernatural light of a great Faith, which is leading him ever onward to the brilliance of the Everlasting Vision.



Lao Hsu, carefully picking his way in the dim light admitted by his half-blind eyes

THE BOUNTY PAGE

*Dear Maryknoll Friends,*

July is an exciting month in THE FIELD AFAR Office. We think in terms of the FARE TO ASIA. At the Seminary all is hustle as preparations are completed to send the mission band off over the Pacific. And with us all is bustle as daily the peach envelopes arrive with "mileage." Shall we reach the goal?—this is the daily question.

Twenty priests go out this year. At \$500 each for fare and equipment, we needed the tidy sum of \$10,000. We are happy to say that, despite the difficult times, Maryknoll's friends by their joint donations covered the requirements. Hundreds of cordial notes proved the enthusiasm of our helpers.

"Enclosed is my offering to send those fine young priests to the Far East."

"I have three nephews; enclosed are three offerings that each may help send out a Maryknoll priest."

"Here is some mileage for the new Maryknoll missionary from our state. God knows it will not carry him far, but others, I trust, will take care of him from where my help runs out."

It makes our hilltop happy to find so many devoted to getting Maryknoll's apostles out to Asia. We vision the Lord these days scattering heavy showers of benedictions on all of you who give wings to His heralds.

Thanks—heartfelt thanks!

*The Maryknoll Fathers***Maryknoll in Probate**

WE don't like to go to court. We shouldn't like to be accused of horse stealing, even if it weren't true. We should just as soon have a clear record even on traffic violations.

But we'll let you drag us into probate court! In fact, this month our name has been noised abroad in courts of Massachusetts, New York, and California. It is quite the style to give Maryknoll a place in your will.

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

Sacred Heart of Pittsburgh

SACRED HEART in Pittsburgh is one of America's model parishes. Hence our special pleasure in announcing that Doctor Coakley, its pastor, has enrolled the parish to sponsor a Maryknoll missionary the entire year through, at a dollar a day.

Father Gerard Donovan, slain in Manchukuo, was a Pittsburgher. Quite fittingly, Sacred Heart is sponsoring Father Gerard's brother, Father Thomas, stationed in South China.

Seminarians and Maryknoll

MANY a seminarian, preparing for the task at home, thinks of his fellows who go overseas.

"The enclosed check is a little sign of our admiration for and interest in your splendid work." — *Gregorianum Mission Society, St. Charles Seminary, Archdiocese of Philadelphia.*

"Enclosed please find one dollar. Being a student in a preparatory seminary, I am on short financial rations, but with winter I went into the skate-sharpening business and thus gathered a few pennies. When I considered pragmatically

The Month's Prize Letter

Dear Fathers,

Last year I pledged myself as a sponsor for twelve months, but now I have pledged myself permanently.

The reason is that since I have become a Maryknoller (as I call myself) God has been very kind to me. I don't mean that He has let me sit back while He solved my problems for me—no miracles! Rather, the thought of Maryknoll and Maryknollers has made me go after things, has made me fight my little battles without quailing at the struggle.

It is inspiring to see so many young men go to strange lands, live among strange peoples, accept hardships, dangers, impossible languages, to save souls.

That is real courage! The spectacle of it puts courage in me.

May Our Lady of Maryknoll be good to us all!

—F.A.S.—New York

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the **Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York*** (Here insert amount of legacy.)

This legacy to be used by the said **Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.,** for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass.
In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif.
In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa.

what use I would get from them and what Maryknoll could do with them, Maryknoll won out standing up. I wish it were much more."

—Nazareth Hall, St. Paul, Minn.

"The four of us who sign below plan sending a dollar each month to support a Maryknoller. We intend that this money shall represent a few small sacrifices on our part, feeling assured that we will be amply repaid by our sharing in the spiritual fruit of Maryknoll labors."—Sulpician Seminary, Washington, D. C.

A Bouquet from Rome

"Four years ago I received as a prize a ten-year subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. I appreciate this prize, which renews itself each month. Quite as Rome breathes the spirit of true catholicity, of the Universal Church, so does your magazine. It is in great demand here among the students of the college."—Rome, Italy.

Something She Was Looking For

"Last Sunday in church a Maryknoll Father gave me a little leaflet which reminded me of something I have wanted for a long time.

"I have desired to enroll the living and dead members of my family as Perpetual Members of Maryknoll, but have not had the means. The leaflet explained that by small monthly offerings of two dollars I could complete the fee of \$50 in the course of a few years without grave burden on myself.

"Enclosed please find my first offering."

—New York

See inside back cover for Maryknoll Want Ads.

PREPARATORY SEMINARY BURSSES

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,803.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	4,525.00
"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....	1,447.45
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,001.00
St. Michael Burse.....	696.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	690.10
Vén. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos).....	430.00
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	114.00

MAJOR SEMINARY BURSSES

MAHAN MEMORIAL BURSE....	4,630.85
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	4,396.45
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse.....	4,235.00
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.....	4,050.00
Mary Dunn Memorial Burse.....	3,625.71
St. Michael Burse, No. 1 (Reserved).....	3,565.00
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	3,411.70
Marywood College Burse.....	3,207.00
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	3,162.44
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,762.85
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,284.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,266.19
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	2,000.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,738.06
James J. Sullivan Memorial Burse (Reserved).....	1,500.00

St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill....	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,395.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse.....	1,139.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,121.21
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	1,000.00
Laninger Burse (Reserved).....	1,000.00
Detroit Archdiocese Burse.....	885.00
St. Rita Burse.....	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	666.20
Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Bridget Burse.....	644.30
Souls in Purgatory Burse (Reserved).....	600.00
Holy Family Burse.....	583.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved).....	500.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	486.65
St. Jude Burse.....	443.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00
All Saints Burse.....	271.78
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Burse....	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Burse.....	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
S.S. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	115.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07

NATIVE SEMINARY BURSSES

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE.....	1,355.50
Sacred Heart Club Burse.....	1,300.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	702.00
Daly Memorial Burse (Reserved)....	700.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	255.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse.....	200.00
J. E. and E. J. K. Burse (Reserved).....	100.00

You wouldn't want the missionaries to stop this part of their day's work, would you?



It costs \$1 a day to keep each of Maryknoll's 190 missionaries and their chopsticks working overseas.

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

I'd like to keep a missionary working for one day. Please send me a Support-A-Missioner dime card, so that I may save the ten dimes required.

Also send cards for friends.

Name
Address

I shall be happy to do this each month ☐



Father Craig starts the day's business at Shingishu.

Peter Prays for Moses

Father Hugh Craig, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, gives us some glimpses of vigorous Catholic life in Shingishu.

MOSSES, like a lot of other young Korean gentlemen, is rather an important personage in his home. When he became ill, every one was greatly concerned, and his grandmother wished to call in a sorceress to drive out the demon of disease. But Moses' mother has retained the full share of Christian fortitude which she received from the Holy Ghost when she was confirmed, and in spite of Grandma's opposition she brought a Sister to the house.

After prescribing some medicine, Sister suggested that all kneel and pray for Moses' recovery. Moses' father, Peter, who had not been to the Sacraments for a decade or so, became very much embarrassed at this request and mumbled something about having forgotten how to pray. At the end of her next visit, Sister turned directly to Peter and said: "Come now, you are going to pray with me for Moses. *In the Name of the Father . . . Our Father who art in heaven . . .* And you are going to the Sacraments, aren't you, Peter?" "Yes, Sister."

Peter went to Confession, and Moses got well immediately. Little do I know of the workings of the Holy Ghost or of the technique of the Sisters. Since I cannot decide who is responsible for the happy ending, I am merely grateful.

On the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the Catholic mis-

sion in Shingishu, Korea, the pastor asked the people, as a sign of gratitude for the blessings they had received, to promise to make an effort to gain one soul for Christ before His next birthday. Mrs. Louis Chang, an American-trained Korean artist, prepared a little prayer print, showing a Korean family adoring the Divine Infant in the Crib. On the reverse side were three promises, which our Christians were asked to make. After choosing the person they were going to try to convert, they promised: first, to pray for him daily; second, to show him a good example; and third, when the prop-

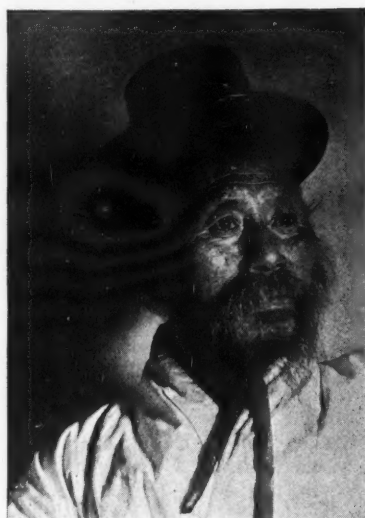
er occasion came, to tell him of the blessings they themselves had received in the Church. The plan was to write the name of that prospective convert beside their own on a stub attached to the prayer print and, on Christmas day, to place it in a box before the Crib. The prayer print was to be retained as a reminder of the promise.

The response was enthusiastic. Some good people, not being satisfied to place their promises in the box, inserted it among the straws of the crib. As the pastor picked up one of these, he noticed the name of a Catholic who on Christmas eve at 10:30 had brought to the rectory for Confession a man who had not been to the Sacraments for some years. The Christians all worked fast and got the signatures of their prospective converts on their stubs. Perhaps next year, in this mission, there will be a few more than the six hundred baptisms of 1937.

"God is Charity"

The missioner endeavors to show forth Christ by extending charity to all the needy. Help him to reach souls and to save them. Write for a Charity Dime Card and aid: a leper, an orphan, a blind person, a sick person, an aged person, an abandoned babe, a hungry person, a cripple, a homeless person, and an insane person. Each card catches ten dimes.

**Address: The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, N. Y.**



Peter, who complied with Sister's request and prayed for Moses.

In a review of the work of last year, our seven catechists deserve honorable mention. The veteran among them is Mr. Bartholomew Pak, who was among the first to join the Church (when Shingishu was still a village of a score of houses or so) thirty years ago. He knows almost everyone of importance in the present city of eighty thousand and manages to attract to the Church each month several elderly men. To meet the officials and the young men, we have Mr. Thomas Kim, who has a good education and a pleasing personality.

Among the women catechists is Mrs. Dominga Ni, a good widow, who left a position in a local

paper mill to do catechetical work at half her former salary. Since she has a good education, she works in the better section of the city among the wives of the officials and merchants. Mrs. Barbara Kim, who goes among the middle classes, makes the most converts. The other women catechists visit the houses of some sixty catechumens each week, but Mrs. Kim outdoes them. She visits about a hundred homes. Mrs. Sophia Wang has her field among the poor outside the city dike. Before becoming a catechist, Mrs. Wang worked with the Sisters of the dispensary, accompanying them in their visits to the homes; so she is well trained for her work, which would perhaps be called "Social Service" elsewhere. Lastly, there is little Mrs. Mary Kim, who saw much suffering in her own life and learned how to meet it with a smile. She is really sympathetic with the poor and willing to work for them day and night in the poorest section of the city, where many live in lean-to's, even in the below-zero weather. In our Christianity on Pokhatong Island in the Yalu River, we have a good lady catechist who managed to prepare a hundred for Baptism last year.

Our dispensary continues its work. Each morning the Sisters go out to visit the sick poor in their homes and, in the afternoon, have an open clinic. The Sisters also do what they can for the health of the 350 children of our day school and of the 150 young women who attend night classes. Many, if not

most of them, are under-nourished, but we hope that the mental and spiritual training they are receiving will enable them in the future to provide necessary nourishment for their children.

"But the War"

MARYKNOLL hums quite as usual; bands of twenty priests and twelve Sisters cross the Pacific into and not away from the frightful conflict which wages between China and Japan. This causes friends to cry in amazement, "But the war!"

True, the war is there, a stern reality. But China is the equivalent of a vast continent. A giant struggle has been in progress in Central China and on the northern coast, but it is safe to say that not half of the 120 sectors into which China has been divided by the Church in its plan of evangelization have seen fighting, and not many more than half have experienced even an aerial bomb.

Except in the areas of actual fighting, mission work goes on throughout China almost as in normal times. Even when war comes, the missionary halt is but momentary. Monsignor Romaniello tells us that on the day word came of his nomination by Rome as Prefect of Kweilin he had to scoot to the hills to avoid an air raid. Within a few hours, however, he was back at his task. With Maryknollers and all Catholic missionaries the watchword is, "Business as usual."

*One, two, three, four,
Whom are we for?
Shin-gish-u!*



THE FIELD AFAR
THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

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Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



SEPTEMBER brings feast days of Our Lady, which are a source of joy, comfort, and hope to all devout clients of Mary.

September 8—the birthday of our Blessed Mother; September 12—her name day and coincidentally the anniversary of the eternal departure of one of Maryknoll's founders, Father Price. It is recorded that so great was his love for the Name of Mary that he would bow his head at the mention thereof, as at that of the name of her Divine Son.

September 15—Our Lady, Queen of Martyrs, honoring the seven wounds inflicted on her immaculate heart, giving her children hope as they look up through their tears to so noble a model; and September 24—Our Lady of Mercy and of Ransom, to whom missionaries everywhere look for help in ransoming pagan souls so dear to the Heart of God.



MARYKNOLL is young enough not to know impossibilities when she sees them, and yet Maryknoll is old enough to have been born in a now-vanished world. Rome placed her seal on the new foundation at a time when ancient dynasties still flew their flags from palaces that now flaunt strange banners and stranger doctrines.

In America, conservatism presided over the councils of a staid nation that could find nothing more to argue about than the differences between high and low tariff, and the red theories of socialists—now a pale pink. The modern Western world had not yet become accus-

Missioner's Prayer

CARPENTER of Nazareth, who toiled still

At the long task begun in ancient days,
Speak, Son of God, and tell me how I can

Have part with Thee, a humble part
and low.

Let me be the hammer to drive the nails
That knit men's souls to Thee. So form
me strong,
Shaped to Thy hand, unwearying in toil
To make all one in Thee before Thou
come.

Let me be Thy chisel, to shape the
rough,
Unseasoned, knotty hearts of men. The
blows
Of Thy beloved hand I cannot fear,
So grind me sharp and keen to do Thy
will.

Let me be the wood itself, and be for
Thee
A cross for thoughtless men to gaze
upon.
Let hammer, chisel, adze, and saw and
plane
Fit me to Thee; and nails that pierced
Thee through
Make me a throne for Thee for ever-
more.

—D.F.C.

tomed to the crash of empires, the disintegration of social systems, the uprooting and summary liquidation of social classes. Panics and wars there had been, but none that could shake the universe.

Thus it is falling to Maryknoll, young as it is, to span this epoch of dizzying change, conserve within itself the traditions of the ancient Faith, and give that Faith to others in new little kingdoms of Christ, while great old kingdoms of man fall into ruins.

Doubtless the contemplation of such a phenomenon of grace should do much to keep high our courage

The Holy Father's Mission
Intention for September, 1938

That orphan asylums in the missions may be increased in number.

amid the capricious aberrations of the day. The Church remains intact in its secure foundation on the Rock of Peter, and through such agencies as Maryknoll builds while other institutions crumble.



TWENTY years have passed since the first band of American missionaries from Maryknoll left San Francisco for Asia. There were only four in that group, and their going forth was unheralded, unknown—save by a few interested confreres and friends. Of the four, two are still in China, one is the present Superior General, and the fourth, the saintly Father Price, is buried beside the other co-founder, Bishop Walsh, in God's Acre at Maryknoll.

Twenty years in the history of the Catholic Church is but a short period, yet the test that was made has proved that the Church of America will give her sons and daughters to the spread of the Faith.

Twenty years has seen a great increase in the mission spirit in this land, not only in sacrifices and prayers, but also in strengthening young men and women, breathing the apostolic spirit, to go the whole way for Christ and souls.



THIS month sees the return to school of thousands of children across the land, and already enrollment records predict that Catholic schools will be filled to capacity.

The value of a Catholic school cannot be over-estimated, for that value comes largely from its atmosphere—from the elimination of poisonous elements, from living examples of faith and devoted service, and from positive teaching of Catholic doctrines and moral precepts.

The Catholic student should be taught to admire unselfish lives and to be helpful to others. To this end it would be hard to think of an influence stronger and more salutary than the record of mission experiences.

Students in parish schools of today will be the mission backers of tomorrow, and the lessons of sacrifice and self-denial which they will absorb cannot be other than blessings.

THE melting pot is perhaps as good a recipe as any for the preparation of a mission-minded country. The very growth and history of America provide an apt illustration of the essential strategy of mission work, which instinctively aims to conserve the good elements inherent in all cultures while injecting a new principle of inspiration and direction.

Thus we learned to preserve nationality without nationalism, racial culture without racial pride, hereditary sense without atavistic nonsense, contenting ourselves to add only the great cementing bond of loyalty—and perhaps a few flourishes like horn-rimmed glasses and pumpkin pie. We understood that the best American was not necessarily the Indian warrior who roved the plains hunting buffaloes, but was just as likely to be some Polish physician who roved the hospitals hunting germs.

The assimilating power is mild, of course, compared to that of the Church, but men raised in that school have received a good introduction to the mission process that would build up the Church. Here in the fold of Christ, which would find a home for all the nations within its borders, is the real melting pot, and our people have been naturally prepared for cooperation in the task. There must be some reason for this, and it might be a providential design to use us as missionaries.

DEPARTURE

TWENTY Maryknoll priests, on July 24, bade us all farewell and set their faces toward the East. On the following Sunday, twelve Maryknoll Sisters likewise departed for the Maryknoll fields over the Pacific.

At both ceremonies, Father Drought, Maryknoll's Vicar Gen-



Madonna of the Missions

Matth. Schiestl

eral, pronounced the words of god-speed. We quote below from his address to the priests.

We are frankly thankful to Father O'Hara whose generous good will disposed him, in spite of very serious personal inconvenience, to come to Maryknoll and bring us the vitality and the inspiration that distinguished Notre Dame. Notre Dame is not only a school, it is also a spirit, an apostolic spirit infusing Catholic life into the contemporary soul. Our departing missionaries will cherish this association. May it be, for them and for us, a symbol of united effort; of priestly friendship; of lasting mutual encouragement.

And I would express, too, the gratefulness of our departing missionaries to the relatives and friends who have come here this evening to share in our farewell. It is true, gloriously true, that

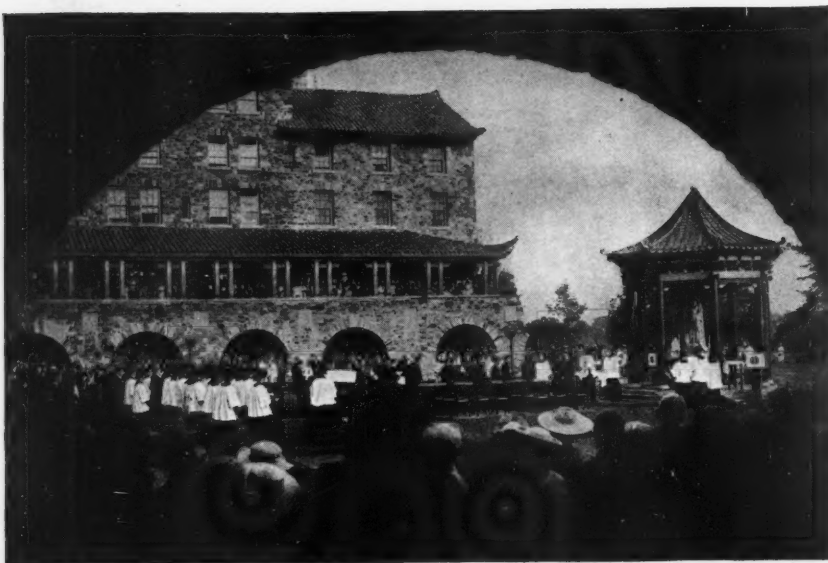
CHARITY must expand, or
it will die.

these missionaries will be removed, as it were by the Hand of God, to remote places. Some of them—let us say it—will return no more. We do not underestimate the courage of you parents and relatives if we refrain from any utterance of sympathy for your loss. The heroism of parting is not in the acceptance of the going. The heroism of parting is in finding joy in the going. It is in discovering, mingled with the heartache of separation, a pious unassailable pride in the immortal dignity of your apostolic sons and brothers. We have, therefore, no sympathy to offer for it is God Himself who has placed this burden upon your love. It is God who has said to them, 'I have appointed you that you should go and bring forth fruit'; and who said to them, 'Going, therefore, teach the nations whatsoever I have taught you.' And may this same Lord bring to you, parents and relatives, the refreshment of His own graceful love and the compensation of sharing consciously His mission to mankind.

Maturity is reflective; the maturity of advancing years needs the blessing of memories. It needs the treasures of the past for its peace. And may this evening be to you, throughout the years to come, a memory of unalterable joy and exaltation.

And now, we bid to you, we, Maryknollers of the Home Knoll, bid you our younger Brothers, nay sons even, in Christ, an affectionate farewell. We are proud of you, more proud than we would dare to relate. We are humble in your presence, for you have grown already to a stature greater than our own. You are sent forth.

You are sent afar off; we stay here to send you. Go, then, heralds of God's tender mercy—brave troubadours of Jesus, and may your courage be ever high. May joy fill your souls, may God protect, be near you, strengthen your mind and your will, encouraging your spirit all the days of your blessed, apostolic life. May He love you and bless you unceasingly.

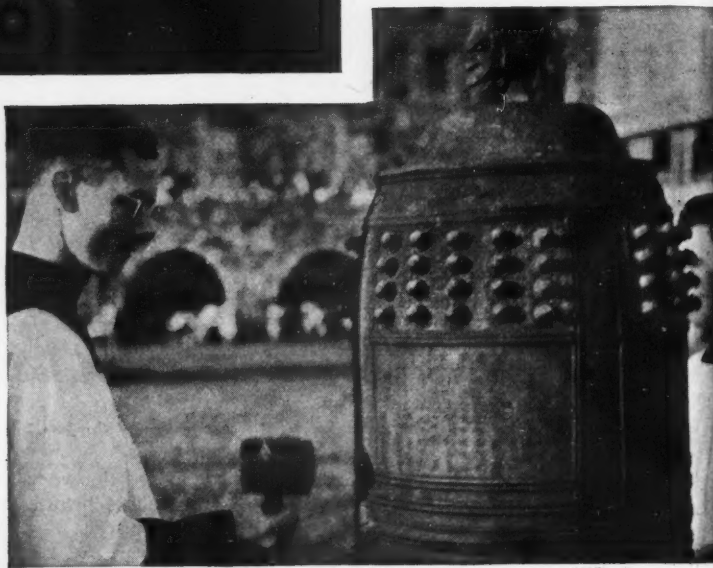


DEPART

This year marks the first departure ceremony of 1924, as the Mission Band speeds to the East.

The Seminary quadrangle as the missionaries, seminarians, and visiting clergy filed out for the Departure Ceremony.

A Seminarian applies the hammer to the Maryknoll Departure Bell. Relic of a Buddhist temple in Japan, it sounds the call of the East.



The Mission Band listens intently as Father O'Hara, C. S. C., President of Notre Dame University, pronounces his address. Of the twenty priests in this year's group, only eighteen are in the photo, since two who live in the West were not required to return after their goodbye to their folks.



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DEPARTURE

the twentieth anniversary
 first Departure. Thus the
 24, at which we bade god-
 the ty priests of our 1938
 Band particularly meaningful.



bove: The Mis-
 sioners bid farewell
 Bishop Griffin,
 Auxiliary of Newark,
 who honored their
 departure by his pre-
 sence.



*Father Drought, Maryknoll's Vicar General,
 bestows the missionary's crucifix on each of
 the departants.*



*Right: With thou-
 sands crushing about
 their cars, the mis-
 sioners take their
 leave at the Seminary
 front entrance. The
 photo shows Father
 Reardon, of Dor-
 chester, Mass., about
 to enter the automo-
 bile.*



Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



Are You a Maryknoll Pioneer?

SEPTEMBER this year brings to completion the first year of Maryknoll Pioneer Catholic Action. Eight thousand names in our files mean eight thousand young men and women, charter members of our missionary Catholic Action apostolate.

The *Maryknoll Pioneer Bulletin* will launch the new scholastic year's mission program with its October number. Previously, since last January, the Bulletin appeared in two-sheet, mimeographed form; now it is ready to come out in full, finished print. Because of its popularity since its first issue, we feel that it is due for an enthusiastic reception this fall, by members old and new. The October edition will announce special Maryknoll Pioneer activities for the coming months; true to Maryknoll Pioneer form, these activities will in no way interfere with other obligations of the Pioneers.

In looking over our Maryknoll Pioneer records at the end of our first year, we note members in many seminaries, colleges, and high schools. Besides these scholastic apostles of ours, we number a few young professional men and women already engaged in their life work. This is our ideal: to have, for our members, young people who have grasped the meaning of true Catholic Action and who yearn for missionary action. If our modern pagan world is to be won by a modern apostolate, our Catholic young lay people must cooperate with the priests and religious on the front lines. Missioners at home or in pagan lands can have no finer, stronger support than the moral, spiritual backing given them by lay apostles such as our Maryknoll Pioneers.

If you are a young person, honestly eager to do

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

*Designed to meet your
mission promotion problems.*

- Literature Section—** offers mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
- Press Section—** provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
- Entertainment and Lecture Section—** offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures, and mission exhibits. Write for catalogue.
- School Section—** is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin heads the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*. University, college and high school young men and women are enrolled individually as Maryknoll Pioneers.
- Reference and Research Service—** will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos, and general mission information.

something, not only to stem the tides of all the *isms* of our day, but also to advance the cause of Christ throughout the world, join us. Fill out the blank below and send it to us NOW. You will not be sorry!

Mission Books

Dinabandhu, a Background Book on India. By Ruth Isabel Seabury. New York: Friendship Press, 1938.

In the foreword of "Dinabandhu" the author admits the inadvisability of writing a book on India after a three-months' visit. She admits that even a lifetime in India would leave much for one to discover and explore. Her book however is not meant to be an "original work of personal impressions and opinions," but simply a source book. For the compiling of such a book, three months would probably be much better than nothing.

Miss Seabury states that before her visit to India she was once required to give an eight-weeks' course on that country. The tremendous labor and time required to hunt up material in libraries for that course made her determined to compile a source book. She has attempted to retell long and authoritative works in a few paragraphs, to retell tales she heard in India. In this capacity Miss Seabury is well qualified.

The book is obviously prepared for the use of non-Catholic study clubs. However, Catholic students can use it profitably for general information on India. History of the work of Catholic missioners, with the exception of a reference to Saint Thomas who, tradition says, was the first apostle to India, is of course not included.

—M.C.

The Dragon at Close Range. By Rt. Rev. William C. McGrath. Shang-



Maryknoll Pioneer Enrollment



Date

Sec'y, The Maryknoll Pioneers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Dear Father,

Please enroll me as a Maryknoll Pioneer. I understand there are no financial obligations and that as a member I become a Maryknoll Associate, sharing in all the spiritual works of Maryknoll missioners. I shall be pleased to receive the Maryknoll Pioneer Bulletin free, together with any other mission literature sent to Maryknoll Pioneers. I promise my personal cooperation through prayer and sacrifice and active interest in the missions.

Name

Address

Seminary, College, High School,

or Other Occupation

hai: A.B.C. Press. 1938.

"The Dragon at Close Range" gives brief, colorful sketches of the China missions. The author, a Canadian of the Mission Society with headquarters at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, originally wrote most of these sketches for the Catholic Press of Canada and for "China," the Society's monthly. They were later compiled in book form; this is the fourth edition.

This edition has been improved with better photos. More recent sketches have also been added to bring the book up to date, even including some references to the present Sino-Japanese conflict. It is not a book that one would care to read from cover to cover at one sitting, but as a pick-up book to brighten a few odd moments it is delightful.

—M.C.

To You, Teachers

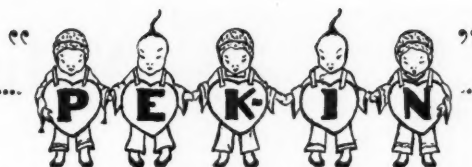
OCTOBER this year will see the launching of the first issue of the Maryknoll bi-monthly bulletin for teachers.

Mission information ought to be regarded by any teacher as an asset, something to expand and enliven classroom work.

Missions in the classroom should likewise be looked upon somewhat as a duty. On this we hark back to some words on mission education spoken by Maryknoll's co-founder, Father Thomas Frederick Price:

"I wonder how many of us realize what is contained in the assertion that mission education and training are a necessity, a duty, not a work of supererogation . . . is it not necessary to educate our people to fulfill their duties as members of the Catholic Church? . . . we belong to a missionary organization established by Our Lord for the sole purpose of teaching all nations, of preaching the Catholic religion to every creature. . . Now the Church . . . cannot, humanly speaking, carry out that mission effectually, except that our people cooperate. . . But our people cannot possibly give this cooperation unless they are educated to realize the appalling need, and trained to the fullest mission effort. . . With regard to the knowledge imparted, it can be done concomitantly with the lessons taught, and not as a separate course which might interfere with the present curriculum and not prove so effective. This concomitant teaching depends chiefly on the knowledge and zeal which the teacher has."

With the above words in mind, we are



to

Maryknoll Story Leaflets

Quantity	Title
	LITTLE LOTUS
	MIYOKO RETURNS THE FAVOR
	RED SANDALWOOD
	ROSA, DAUGHTER OF HUNGER
	FATHER WINTHROP TALKS OF FOLLY
	BROTHER BARNABAS TALKS IT OUT
	THE SMILETTE TRIO
	PETER'S PENNY

30 for 25 cents; 10 doz. for \$1

Name

Address

Send order to: The Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

presenting to our teacher friends, free of interest, or even merely curious, we in-
charge, a complimentary subscription to vite you to fill in the blank below and
our new mission periodical. If you are send it to us.

Date

Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau,
Maryknoll, New York.

Dear Father Director,

I wish to receive your new mission periodical for teachers. I understand that
this blank entitles me to a free subscription.

My Name

My Address

Teacher in



"The photograph to some fidelity epitomizes the life that etched it."

IF an angel were to tell us of divinely given option on the time and manner of our dying, what would we choose? As many answers as men!

Whether such an angel came to Father Aloysius Nagata, of Kyoto, Japan, we know not. But from the exquisite beauty of his last moments one might easily suppose 'twas so.

However, to begin with, the good padre had prepared for them by a long seventy-five years consecrated unreservedly to the will and the work of his divine Master, with no minutest reserve held out for self. Through forty-three busy years of priesthood, his humble, helpful presence was a constant benediction to his beloved parishioners, who held joint ownership of his heart, his time, his powers.

The photograph to some fidelity epitomizes the life that etched it. Taken shortly before his death, it shows his near exhaustion, his assured serenity. Exhaustion, because "the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up"; serenity, from the total disregard of self that could say, with unaffected simplicity, "Learn of me, for

A Mass That Spanned Two Worlds

Monsignor Byrne's facile pen describes the passing of Father Aloysius Nagata.

I am meek and humble of heart."

Calmly he awaited his beloved Master's call. It could never take by surprise one so serenely ready.

Came a recent Sunday Mass—like any other Sunday, preceded by Saturday's confessions and the week-end demands of a flourishing parish. Yet not like any other Sunday for today's Mass will be ended in heaven.

At Communion time many went to the railing, and to them came the celebrant bearing the Sacred Host. After communicating a few he was seen to stagger as if dizzy, then pause. Evidently fearing to drop a Host, he had the altar boy bring a chair, whereon he rested for a few moments. All were watching him in anxious concern. None quite knew what to do.

But the padre knew, and well he knew indeed.

Anon he rose; again commenced the Communion. But again he faltered; again was forced to rest, the while holding tightly the precious vessel lest his Lord perchance dishonored be.

Now this time his children found voice, imploring voice, imperative, that he remain resting. Some had rushed for a doctor; others would carry him away for proper care.

What! With Holy Communion unfinished! Indeed he would continue; no gainsaying that. He raised a Host, and silence fell upon them.

But himself he could no longer raise. And so, at his wish, they opened the gates of the communion rail, and then one by one they came to him, tears streaming

down their cheeks, and reverently knelt before the stricken priest to receive a Holy Communion that not to their own dying day will they cease to remember. It was a Communion reached down to them from heaven itself.

One more were one too many. The dying father finished his sacred task; then came weariness unutterable. His hand dropped. The altar boy, a seminarian, caught the ciborium from reluctant fingers and bore it safely to the tabernacle. All had communicated; not one single Host was dropped; the work was done.

Yet not entirely. Something still remained to be done!

No one noticed that, although by now seemingly unconscious, the good padre still kept his thumb and forefingers closely pressed together, as must be done when one has touched a sacred Host, until purified by the ablution.

The doctor arrived. He gave a hypodermic stimulant; consciousness flickered back to the eyes. The priest called for water. Someone held it to his lips.

"No, no," he said, "my fingers!" Feebly he moved them. The water was poured. His head fell back.

"*Ite, missa est!*" was said in heaven.

Pope of No Peace

PPIUS XI, Pope of Peace, declares himself Pope of No Peace. We quote his words, as addressed to the Bishops of the world in the Encyclical "*Rerum Ecclesiae*":

"We implore your help, Venerable Brothers. As to Ourselves, so long as Divine Providence shall have us continue in life, this duty of our apostolic office will keep us always solicitous, for, pondering on the fact that the pagans of the world still number almost a thousand millions, we have no peace in our spirit; we seem to hear sounding in our ears the call, 'Cry, cease not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet.'"

"STRINGLESS" gifts are the most welcome at Maryknoll, but tie "strings" if you wish!

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

On to the Orient!

ON to the Orient!"
"But why?"
"In search of pearls!"
"From twentieth-century America?"

"Yes; why not? Must we assume that adventure died with Columbus and Magellan and Francis Xavier?"

"Oh, of course, there's still the lure of the Orient, but practical moderns don't go pearl fishing."

"Well, that's where I'm going," said one of the twelve Maryknoll Sisters just missioned to the Far East. "Of course, I don't expect to go in for deep-sea diving to look for pearls in an oyster shell. I expect to find my pearl in a mat shed, in a muddy alley, or maybe in a bundle of rags by the edge of a river."

"When I do find one, though, I'm afraid I shan't be like the regular pearl fishers, who pick out the pearl and throw the poor oyster back into the sea. I remember, when I was a little girl, I used to feel so sorry for the poor oyster, 'because he doesn't know he has a pearl inside his shell.' Then one day I said to myself, 'Oh, he's just like the poor pagan

who doesn't know he has a soul.' So I decided, when I grew up, I'd be a pearl fisher!"

"How fantastic!"

"Not at all. Just common sense. The practical business man of today goes out to get the most he can out of life. Well, I believe, just as you do, there's nothing more precious than a human soul. Then why shouldn't I go out for souls?"

"But why the Orient? Aren't there plenty of souls around here?"

"Oh, yes, but they've *had* their chance. They've heard about Christ. In the Orient there are millions who have never heard about God or heaven. And there's no doubt about Christ's command. 'Going, teach ye all nations . . . even to the uttermost parts of the earth . . . preach the gospel to every creature.' These are His very words."

"But what about the trouble over there?"

A new group of "pearl fishers" break away from the homeland to cast their lines on Eastern shores.

Can you expect any permanent results in all this turmoil?"

"Wars may come, politics may change, the Faith remains the same. No one knows what part the nations of the Far East are destined to play in the history of the future. With so much ground already lost to the Faith in Europe, is there not all the more reason for trying to bring Christ to the people of the Orient? And besides, over there they are ready for the Faith. Our own missionaries write that in China, for example, whole villages are ready to embrace the Faith, if only there were enough priests and Sisters and catechists to teach them. Maryknoll missions alone record over seven thousand baptisms in a year."

"That's all right, but what kind of converts do they make? How do they turn out?"

"Good enough to make martyrs in times of persecution. China, Korea, Japan, each have had thousands of martyrs. The converts of today may not be called to martyrdom, but real heroism is needed to break from the old religion and to suffer consequent social ostracism.





SISTER MARY HELENA MURPHY, of Brooklyn, N. Y., assigned to Korea. Before entering Maryknoll she attended St. Augustine's High School, Brooklyn. She has a sister in religion.



SISTER MARIA CORAZON JARAMILLO, of Solana, Cagayan, P. I., assigned to South China. She is a registered physician, graduate of College of Medicine, University of the Philippines.



SISTER MARY PAULITA HOFFMAN, of Cincinnati, Ohio, assigned to South China. Before entering Maryknoll she attended the Teacher's College - Athenaeum of Ohio. She has a sister in religion.



SISTER MARIA TALITHA YAMAGISHI, of Tokyo, Japan, assigned to Korea. She completed high school with the Holy Child Sisters and later specialized in English with the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

"One Oriental woman, for example, the wife of a banker, came to a Maryknoll convent to take lessons in English. Impressed by the kindness and the joyousness of the Sisters, she soon began to inquire about their religion. Later, when her husband became critically ill, though she herself was not yet baptized, she converted him. He sought Baptism a few days before he died. She insisted upon a Catholic funeral. She and her little daughter were baptized. Immediately she was ostracized by both her own and her husband's families, who refused to receive her into their homes. Left homeless and penniless, she sought shelter with her little girl at our convent. Although she had been a woman of wealth, surrounded all her life with many servants, for two years she did menial tasks at the convent. Then, fortunately, the Sisters were able to secure her a teaching position. No one who does not understand the Oriental pride in social status can appreciate what this woman of aristocratic breeding suffered during those two years.

"The poor make their sacrifices, too. There is the story of the poor Chinese laborer, living in a one-room hut, with two scant meals of rice a day, who received an unexpected gift of seven dollars and insisted on giving the mission five dollars, as much as he would earn in a whole month."

"They're not pearls, they're diamonds! Just how do you propose to fish for them?"

"Well, first of all, I have to get there. By the way, that costs five hundred dollars, and after I get there I'm a dollar-a-day burden on the Procurator. The

first year I'll have to spend learning to talk all over again. The most I shall be able to do for months is to act as tongue-tied companion to some Sister who can speak the language. Of course, I might be as fortunate as one of the Sisters missioned to Manchukuo last year.

While acting as companion to another Sister on a mission trip to a mountain village, she actually baptized a dying pagan woman on her second day in her mission!"

"But I thought you Sisters all stayed in your own convents and just conducted schools and orphanages and things like that. How do you happen to find dying pagans in the mountains?"

"Of course, we have schools and orphanages and homes for the aged and clinics and hospitals. But those are only means to an end, the saving of souls. When souls do not come to us, we must go to them. Practically every Sister on the missions spends at least part of her time visiting native women in their homes. Some Sisters spend all of their time in this direct evangelization. That is, in fact, what most of this year's departants expect to do.



SISTER MARY ELENITA BARRY, of Elizabeth, N. J. After teaching for four years in Maryknoll's School for Japanese in Los Angeles, she has been assigned to Korea. She has two brothers in religion.



SISTER MARY GODFREY FUHR, of Pittsburgh, Pa., assigned to Korea. Before entering Maryknoll she attended Peabody High School in Pittsburgh. Her high-school work was completed at Maryknoll.

"One of us, who was graduated from normal school and college will likely do her pearl fishing with a piece of chalk and a pointer, while another, who is a licensed physician, will likely make good use of her scalpel and stethoscope. Oh! I was almost forgetting, the Sister Doctor can play the organ, too!"

"There isn't much I could do over there, but, if it wasn't for John and the 'kiddies,' I'd be wanting to be a pearl fisher, too. Anyhow, here's a check John gave me for my birthday yesterday. Use it to buy yourself some fish line."

"Betty! This will pay my whole passage! Now, you're a pearl fisher, too, with a share, according to the heavenly ledger, in every one of my pearls."



SISTER MIRIAM JOSEPH MILLER, of Portland, Oregon, assigned to Hawaii. She entered Maryknoll after her second year at Marylhurst College in Oswego. She later finished college at Manhattanville, N. Y. C.



SISTER MARY CORNELIA COLLINS, of Everett, Mass., assigned to South China. A graduate of Everett High, she was employed as secretary and doctor's assistant before entering Maryknoll.



SISTER MARIE JOGUES COFFEY, of Schenectady, N. Y., assigned to Hawaii. Before entering Maryknoll she was graduated from St. Joseph's Academy High School in Troy, N. Y.



SISTER MIRIAM REGIS BONDREAU, of St. Peter's, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, assigned to Manchukuo, she is our first and only vocation from Cape Breton Island.



SISTER ROSE VICTOR MERSINGER, of St. Louis, Mo., assigned to South China. She is a graduate of St. Elizabeth's Academy and has three brothers studying in the seminary.



SISTER MARY GREGORIA FOGARTY, of Chicago, Ill., assigned to Korea. She entered Maryknoll after her first year at Mundelein College. She has a sister in religion.

The Motherhouse Door

By a Maryknoll Sister Portress

ENTRANCE Days" are the ones most Portresses like best. It's such fun to take the "scare" out of people. The new Postulant generally looks as scared as if she were going to have a major operation. Her parents look even more scared. Such ideas as people do have of convent life!

We had a Postulant who for three days shied away every time the Novice Mistress came near her. Sister couldn't make out what was the matter. Finally, on the fourth day the girl blurted out, "I've been here three whole days, and no one's done anything to me yet!"

change, to watch how Maryknoll grows on them. There's the sweet little broken-hearted mother who in the beginning screws up her courage to say to me, "Well, if it's her vocation, I suppose I ought to be satisfied." The first thing I know she's talking about "this beautiful place" and the "peace of Maryknoll" and how grateful she is that her daughter is so happy. After a while she's embroidering linens for the Novices' Bazaar and then she's planning a card party in her parish hall for Maryknoll.

By the time Daughter is taking vows, Mother and Daddy are regular Maryknollers themselves. I don't mean that they don't feel the sacrifice of being separated from her. They do. But they're

Then there was the Postulant who asked for a sheet of paper and wrote a letter while her mother was right with her, because she thought she would never be able to write another letter. Another one expected never to read anything but a prayer book. But the one who got the biggest surprise was the Postulant who, on her last night at home, had solemnly washed her last dish.

It's fun, too, to see how people

joyous about it, because *she* is. God has given them the grace to grow, too.

On Departure Day the whole community is outside the Motherhouse door. The departure cars are all in position in the oval drive; the departants make slow progress through the doorway, as their Sisters stop them for a last embrace. Missioners and baggage disappear behind auto doors.

Finally, from Mother Mary Joseph's car, in the lead, the signal comes to start! Auto horns honk loud and long! Tin horns blow! Noisemakers rattle! Handkerchiefs wave—till the last car turns round the bend to Pines Bridge Road.

It's funny, too, how *we* change. I remember the first departure when I was a Postulant. I tried to be brave, but I couldn't keep back a few tears. By the time I was a Novice, there were no tears, but a big lump in my throat. Now on Departure Days I don't think so much about the separation. I think more about the bond that holds us all together. Whether half a mile away at Bethany House, or half way round the world in Manchukuo, it doesn't seem to matter.

Thinking these thoughts after our last departure, I met a pensive-looking young Sister in the corridor.

"A penny for your thoughts," I said.

"Where will you get the penny?"

"Will a paper clip do instead?"

"All right, Sister. I was just puzzled about the way we feel on Departure Day. It's so hard to understand how we can be so happy at parting with people we love."

"I know what you mean. Here's your paper clip!"

On the Maryknoll Newsfront



Father Bomb-proof Downs

Dodging the Issue—of Gunpowder!

We picture for you our Father William J. Downs, whose mission house in Swatow obligingly wrapped itself around its two tenants in order to protect them from bombs dropped during a Japanese aerial attack on Swatow, early in July.

Father Downs describes the incident thusly:

"My boy and I were alone in the house when air-raid sirens shrilled. Knowing that it would be foolhardy to try to run to safety, we sought refuge in a downstairs room. There was a

terrific explosion as the first of six bombs struck our house and a neighboring dwelling. The building seemed to lift, and then crumbled into complete demolition. The dust created absolute blackness. I called to my boy, and together we made our way to the street."

While Father Downs insists on taking his experience with the same casualness that characterizes other less exceptional events in the day's program of our South China Knollers, we confess that his escape seems little short of miraculous. Why six 250 pound bombs could do nothing more than lacerate his arm is a puzzler. Incidentally, he promises us some bomb fragments for our Maryknoll museum.

Theodore—

as he appeared in high-hat ensemble on formal occasions. In



Teddy—looking back through the years

his everyday coat, a furry nice one, he was more affectionately known as *Teddy*.

But Teddy is dead now. In fact, one might safely say that Teddy is very dead, since this month commemorates the tenth anniversary of his demise.

It was in the early days of Maryknoll in Shingishu, Korea, that Teddy and Monsignor Byrne first became acquainted, and from that moment until the last shovelful of mud had fallen upon the canine's grave, the two were rarely seen apart. On the long cold trips up the frozen Yalu, or wading through the flooded paddies, shuddering before a timid fire on winter nights, or sweltering beneath the sun at its maddest, these two were together, always.

Considering the strong affection that bound them, we waited expectantly for a memorial of some kind perpetuating the memory of this faithful bowwow.

We have waited—for ten long years. But if, as we strongly suspect, the undedicated *Bamboo Wireless*, which now electrifies the literary world, is the memorial, then do we say, it was well worth the wait (even in gold!). Surely it is not irreverent to attribute the delightful humor, the occasional pathos, the cooperation with Kings Features, and the futuristic commentaries of this four-page periodical, to the inspiration, drawn in part, at least, from the noble friendship between a man and his dog.

The man Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne, Editor,
The Bamboo Wireless,
Kyoto, Japan.

The dog Teddy.

If you were deprived of your vacation this summer, for one reason or many, write to the Editor for a copy of *The Bamboo Wireless*, guaranteed to give you a complete series of holiday sensations (sunburn excepted).



Father John Coffey of Detroit, heir to the Fushun Koreans

A Sacred Trust—

Graduating from the language school for newly arrived missionaries at the Fushun Center, Father Coffey (at extreme left) has been appointed to succeed Father Donovan at the Hopei Korean parish, where it has been necessary to enlarge the mission compound because of the rapidly increasing number of converts among the Koreans.

This venture was one of the last of many good works begun by Father Gerard Donovan. It was from the Hopei chapel that he was captured by bandits last October, while assisting at Benediction, and it was to the Hopei chapel that his sacred remains were returned under military guard, four months later.

Father Coffey is already blessed in knowing that he will have his late confrere's special intercession for the success of his apostolate among the Hopei Koreans.

Aftermath of Sacrifice—

"Here at Fushun, since the death of Father Donovan," writes Brother Benedict Barry, of Brooklyn, N.Y., "we have had two concrete examples of what we believe to be his intercession. A local electrician came frequently to the mission for the study

of English. He was not the least bit interested in the Church—in fact, at times he gave evidence of being strongly opposed to it. He happened to be at the mission when Father Donovan's body arrived and asked if he might assist in carrying the coffin from the auto truck into the church—a permission which was readily granted. From that day a complete change of manner has developed, and he is now under instruction, awaiting Baptism.

"The other case is that of a university student who had been studying in Peiping. His home is here in Fushun, and recently he called at the mission. From his parents and relatives here, he had heard of Father Donovan's capture and death, and the account so impressed him that he said, 'I must now study the doctrine of a Church that could produce a man of this Father's type.' He had known of the Church in Peiping, but stated that he had never been the least bit interested, in spite of the fact that several of his friends are Catholics. He, too, is now under instruction, preparing for Baptism."



Father John McGinn, of Providence, R. I., on his Kongmoon front porch

Ensemble for Early Evening—

"What can the young priest wear?" the clerical tailor asks in desperation, as he faces the deadly monotony of sober sameness. Behold a fashion hint from South China: black jacket, with military collar and fancy silk frogs—six pair of 'em down the front; Dickensian cut to the trousers, which so narrows them at the knees that the on-looking public automatically thinks of thin and hungry men.

Our model is Father John McGinn, of Providence, R. I., since 1931 a stalwart of Kongmoon. We look at his clothes, but when he was snapped he was probably thinking of his next month's bill for catechists.

Under Cover—

Is it a bet, a hobby, a chronic cold in his head, or what, that keeps Father White in such close contact with this intriguing headgear? His returned confreres won't tell. They admit it



Father White—sem—hat

Asylum at Ngai Moon:

"At long last the lepers have been transferred from the Sunwui cemeteries to this new home. Many of the lepers, before moving down the river to their new home, had to be carried through curious crowds across the big city of Sunwui. We succeeded in engaging two junks, which could be floated down the creek and out of the city only at high tide. Then they were towed 30 miles by steam launch. On account of the tides, the lepers had to pass the night on the junks, with no room to lie down. But all enjoyed the last journey that they will ever make. Fortunately they arrived safely."

Caught in the Act—

Father Joseph W. Connors of Pittsfield, Mass., caught in the act of booking passage to America for his change-of-air furlough. After a missionary has spent ten years in the East, Maryknoll brings each missionary home for *servicing*; he is *overhauled* and sent back with renewed vigor.

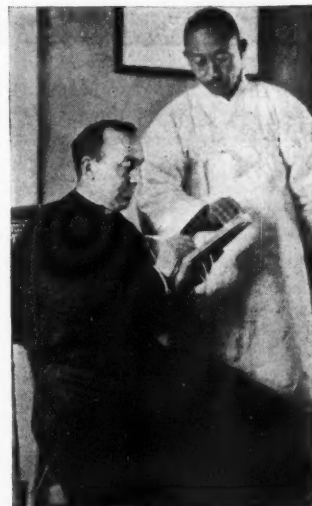
There are also a few others expected to dry-dock this month. It would be well to look over the records—there may be one coming to your home-town, and his, in which event you will want to tear up your old stock certificates to scatter over the welcome parade.

is "tops"—and smile. No wonder!

The young man pictured with Father White is one of the fifty seminarians at Peng Yang. When several thousands of his countrymen follow in his footsteps, Maryknollers may fold up their mud-thatched homes and pitch them in some other pagan field.

Lepers Enter the New Gate of Heaven—

In a letter of acknowledgment to a benefactor, Father Sweeney gives a graphic account of the transfer of the lepers to the new Gate of Heaven



Father Joseph Connors books

EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll Missioners in Eastern Asia number 177 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. Three of these territories—Kyoto, Peng Yang, Fushun—are in the Japanese Empire.

5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.

6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count approximately 60,000 Catholics (56,675 in June, 1937).
8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,413 adult converts from July 1, 1936, to June 30, 1937).



How much wood would a student saw if a student would saw wood? The answer may be found in the chapel at Akron where the pews are student made.

KNOLL NOTES

able peace and loveliness. The quietly smiling sun had the touch of soft velvet, the sky was benignly blue, the cloudlets in the far west over the Hudson were tipped with soap-bubble colors. My, you would have been in ecstasy at the sight!

We—some three thousand of us—gathered in the upper and lower cloisters about the quadrangle. Our queer departure bell from that Buddhist temple in Japan began its Eastern call, and the procession of twenty outgoing missionaries accompanied by many visiting priests and Maryknollers, by Monsignor Cashin of New York, Monsignor Boland of Scranton, Monsignor McDonnell, national director of the Propagation of the Faith, and by Bishop Griffin, Auxiliary of Newark, filed to its place.

There was the *itinerarium*, the solemn moment when Father Drought as Acting General read each departant his formal assignment in the name of the Holy See, and then the addresses. Father John O'Hara, President of the University of Notre Dame, honored us by being the speaker of the occasion. His address was followed with one by Father Drought. When the two had finished, we felt properly adjusted to the sublime meaning of the event we were witnessing.

Then followed the bestowing of the missionaries' crucifixes, the *Pax*

THE tradition for Maryknoll departures held—the Lord cleared the skies at the proper moment. This year, it was done in such spectacular style that many of the Maryknoll Sister pray-ers (to whom we give first prize for the achievement) call it nothing short of a miracle.

The countryside about us received a drenching from ol' Jupiter Pluvius for eight days in succession. Never the like was seen before. In towns of the neighborhood, they were taking folks out of their houses in boats.

Sunday, July 24, dawned (we are sure it did, though we could find no dawn), and still it poured. Plans for the colorful outdoor ceremony were abandoned, and brokenheartedly we prepared our small provisional chapel.

But did the Sisters stop praying? Not they! "Give up?" said one. "How faithless! Why, I can see the sun shining already!"

And to make a long story short, that is what happened. By noon

there was no longer a downpour, and by seven o'clock our flooded quadrangle was sufficiently drained to allow of approach to the central kiosk on platforms. We and our thousands of guests were too delighted for words.

The days of rain quickly revealed themselves as but instruments of the Divine Dramatist in lending exquisite beauty to the event. The curtain of water rose, the clouds above slowly rolled aside, and evening descended on us in indescrib-



The laundry-truck driver with his three able assistants. The one got a little ahead of Father "Foto."

of farewell, and Benediction conducted by Bishop Griffin. Finally, there came the stirring moments at the front entrance when the priests who were leaving us pushed their way through the milling crowd to the automobiles, and with tower bell clanging, horns sounding, friends shouting, they dashed off to Harmon for the train to San Francisco.

"They are gone!" passed the word. Each time at this moment there comes a strange, electrifying hush, as, without many words, Maryknollers and all others present turn to the relatives, fathers, mothers of those who have left. Those brave mothers! Father Drought spoke beautifully of them and of their "burden of love." May the Lord send them many sweet consolations. Here at Maryknoll we say so often that God gives us the vocation and calls on our dear ones to bear the sacrifice.

September — autumn, and cool nights, with the last of the fireflies blinking after the red sun sinks into the early mists around our hilltop. Most of our students were able to enjoy a brief vacation at their own homes, and have returned satisfied that home is still there. Others who have come across longer trails were satisfied to remain atop our Knoll or visit with friends in nearby cities. The priests got together for their annual retreat, which closed on the morning of Foundation Day, and the Brothers brought 'the glorious Fourth' to a close by beginning their retreat.

During the earlier part of the summer several groups of our subdeacons, who will be candidates for mission appointments next year, were given the privilege of a month's hospital experience in some of the best hospitals in the metropolis and neighboring cities. This training, though brief, offers opportunity to observe hospitalization at close range and proves an invaluable help when the future missionary has to establish dispensaries and hospitals in the Orient. To the good Sisters, the kind doctors, and the

After-dinner recreation is the time to swap stories—mostly tall.



Rosary time finds our ninety theologians pacing this cloister walk.

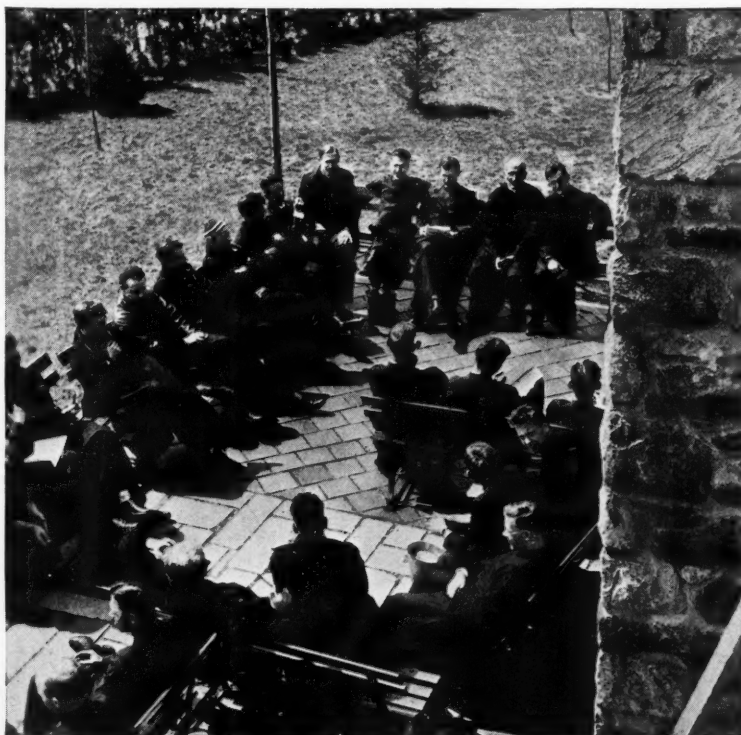
patient patients, who make this experience possible, Maryknoll bows her deep gratitude.

The scholastic year begins with the building bulging. Some ninety young theologians, representing forty-two States of the Union, are here looking forward to the year

that will bring all nearer, and some to, the eternal priesthood. They will join with the hundreds of Maryknollers everywhere in giving our readers, each Friday, their prayers, works, and labors. Keep them, please, in prayerful remembrance.

The Maryknoll Junior Seminary in the diocese of Cleveland, located at Akron, Ohio, has completed its first year. "Maryknoll-in-Akron breathes the spirit of our other houses," writes Brother Matthew Queen, of San Francisco, on the Akron staff. "Our pioneer community was small—two priests, a Brother, and seven students—yet undeniably it bore the Maryknoll stamp. The house may well prove the gateway through which many sons of the Cleveland diocese will step into the great drama of the Catholic Missions.

"A strong, century-old Catholicity flourishes in this section, and in its present maturity such a soil should teem with vocations to the apostolate. Maryknoll-in-Akron turns her hand to this task, with a prayer on her lips and hope vibrant in her heart."





Liu's soul yearned for the splendor and beauty of the old temples

KWEILIN was noisy—even as Chinese cities go, and of all its streets the one called Abiding Peace was the noisiest and the most unclean. There between the old barracks and the vegetable market, built into the foot of the old wall, was the Catholic Church, a dismal thing of mud brick with paper windows.

Here in the poor splendor of white-wash and mats, worshiped Liu. Liu was praying. These prayers went slowly, for the newness had not yet gone out of them. Yes, the Lord of Heaven had beautiful prayers, ones full of noble thoughts and words of praise, but He had not a fine home.

This was Liu's trouble now. While he believed the prayers he said here in this

The House of Abiding Peace

By George Krock, M. M.

shameful chapel, his soul yearned for the splendors and the beauties of some of the old temples he knew in South and Central China—the long aisles of pines, carved porches heavy with wistaria, mirroring pools of lotus, silent monks in the ancient glory high up in the mountain peaks. Oh, to go back to the old temple where his uncle lived! Old Uncle had happiness. The long years—how many, no one seemed to know—had taken from him only strife and had left peace. Liu prayed a little longer and then went out.

He walked slowly and took no heed of the road, for he held in his hands his rosary and was intent with thought. When he came to High Hump Bridge he stopped, for there were cleats on the arch for one to climb up on, and at the top it was best for one to turn and go down the other side backwards, for the arch was great. So Liu put the beads in the folds of his belt and went up and over the bridge.

Spring had come, and there were many on the roads. Merchants and soldiers were abroad, for it was not yet too hot to travel. Farmers were astir, busy with many things about their farms.

Liu walked on more quickly, for a hunger came over him to get away from where men thought of business. There was a gnawing in his spirit for far places and placid scenes. He said, "I will go to my uncle in the mountains, for in those places there is beauty and depth of life."

And he went to the mountains, to the Monastery of Pervading Preciousness.

When he had come there, Liu said to himself: "Thus do the past years rise up against me in remembrance of past joys. The glory of old worship draws me and tempts me from the new grace."

**I, a missionary priest or nun!
Why not? Think it over.**

He had no love for the gilded idols that sat silent in their incense and perfumed shadows. They were false. But as he walked through the temple gardens, lit with the oil bowls in the carved stone lanterns, as he heard the old gongs at intervals and the rich chant of the monks, as he saw beauty, heard it, and ran idle hands over the teakwood and jade, over the rich brocades and ancient, ageless things, he fell in with the familiar unthinkingly. Many days he lingered with Old Uncle, eating temple rice and temple yams, sipping many cups of saffron colored tea. They talked softly far into the night, and the moonlight, carved delicately by the pierced scrollwork of the screen, moved like silver tracery across the floor. The stars grew pale, and Old Uncle said, "You must stay."

But in the morning Liu went back.

When he had come again to the noisy and odorous chapel on the Street of Abiding Peace, he met the priest and he confessed his wavering—this child of compromise, who would have both the old glory and the new grace. The *Shen Foo* spoke to him kindly and blessed him; he told Liu, in his quiet voice, of a glory above the mountains, and of joys which eye had not seen nor ear heard, and that it had not entered into the heart of any man to surmise what the Lord of Heaven had prepared for those who loved Him. The *Shen Foo* took Liu's rosary and, holding it before his eyes, pointed to the crucifix and said, "So long, Liu, as you remember this, you shall persevere."

Weeks passed, and Liu was happy and at peace. Then the heat increased, and with it came the plague, and his neighbors died. Vendors fled from the markets, and the garrison grew strangely still. Each day the heat was greater, and each day more people died; and the oldest one in the village could not remember when it had been so hot, or when the

houses of mourning had been so many.

Liu grew fearful. Above the dark tumult, a voice called him away, called to him in the stifling closeness. "Beyond, sing the woods," it said. He was as an ivory figure pulled with silver strings, and he said: "There is peace and healing on the mountain lakes, where the white cranes wait. I must go back to the sound of falling waters, to the quiet waving of the willows, to the sacred lotus flowering in the dusky splendors of the night." And he left the Street of Abiding Peace.

Out beyond the city he walked with his face turned to the high places, where the green pines courted and bowed in the breeze. He would come to the mountains by evening. Oh, the peace and sweetness of it all!

"Friend," called a husky voice, "will you help me to shelter?"

Horror! It was a plague victim, agonizing in the burning sun. Liu closed his eyes tightly and tossed his head as if to throw off an evil that descended on him.

"I shall give him half my food," said Liu. Ignoring the reaching arms, he divided his lunch and gingerly pushed it toward the sufferer.

How fresh and sweet the mountains, he reflected as, hurrying on, he gazed at the peaks before him.

"I was homeless, and you took me in."

An asylum for destitute, aged fathers and mothers in the Orient, would establish an appropriate memorial to your own beloved parents. Write us.

"Friend!" came a voice again.

"Oh, bother to these filthy wretches!" cried Liu in desperation. There in the parched dust lay another, with death on him.

"Friend, you are blessed, you are whole. Friend, you who are to live, you have no thirst, no pains, you suffer no tortures. Can you not spare me at least one of your blessings, your strong arm?"

Something came to Liu. His left hand clutched his robe at his breast. His eyes gazed upward, but he did not see the mountains.

Slowly he turned and, no longer in gingerly manner, reached his strong arm about the prostrate man and raised him to his feet.

It was hot and noisy as, finally, the two struggled along the Street of Abiding Peace, to the crowded refuge maintained these many days by the *Shen Foo*.

"Ah, you are brave, Liu," said the priest quietly, "you mercifully aid a plague victim."

The Monastery of Pervading Preciousness, where Liu saw beauty.

Words like a poniard thrust, thought Liu. He lowered his burden to a bed like something precious, and his sense of triumph was not lessened by the fact that the sufferer died within an hour.

Strange that the noise, the stench, the proximity of death in the pitifully crude mission hospital no longer disturbed Liu's tranquillity. With a faint and delicate light on his face, like a rare glow at dawn, Liu labored unhurryingly with the *Shen Foo*. Nor was he upset when, after weeks of valiant service, a chill passed through his body, he sank in weakness to his knees, and he realized that he himself was a victim of the plague.

"You are blessed," said the *Shen Foo* long after. "You were stricken, but you have been spared."

"Yes, blessed!" said Liu, and involuntarily his left hand clutched his robe at his breast, while his eyes, though gazing upward, were not turned to the mountains. His thoughts undoubtedly were on the crucifix of his rosary, which his right hand grasped.

Slowly he made his way to the chapel.

"It is beautiful here, Lord of Heaven," he murmured. "For here I have been blessed. Here, Lord of Heaven, I have learned that abiding peace comes not in fleeing other men's struggles and one's own, but in fronting them. All praise and thanks to Thee for taking from me a little of my shameful love of self."



Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men
and things missionary

SORROW is a great leveler. A Canadian Protestant missionary wrote home from China's area of conflict behind Suchow: "One of the most remarkable things about this war is the way in which it has brought members of all churches together. Catholic Sisters have two groups of nurses dressing wounds. They work under the direction of a Protestant doctor. I noted a good Baptist lady missionary helping a group of Catholic Sisters dress a bad wound. War is cruel and terrible, yet the suffering it has caused is drawing people together in deeds of service."

In a crisis sufficiently grave, most of us forget our pet prejudices, and often in these periods of forgetfulness we come to discover that the prejudices should not exist. Thus many Protestant missionaries in China have come into possession of a kindlier feeling toward Catholics through the present sad struggle.

In a similar way, the greater and deeper crisis which is descending on the world is already prompting the keener among our Christian thinkers to renewed advocacy of a reunion of Christendom. The upheaval which is disturbing men's spirits has no boundaries. Missioners find it in silent villages of the remotest corners of China, of India, of Africa, of the South Seas.

In things political, this world change has already made great headway. "The States still free," *The New York Times* observes, "begin to realize that they are the last conservatives, with a dearly bought and tremendous vested interest in institutions that have to be strengthened if they are to survive."

In religion, the challenge is equally insistent. Under God, the Church will ever survive, but, so powerful are the anti-Christian forces, it is clear that Christianity can spare the world great suffering only if all Christian forces stand together.

Methodists and Baptists must work hand in hand with Catholics, not merely to stay Chinese blood and dress Chinese wounds. We wish them to be one with us in the Church of Christ in a world campaign for Christ. We wish them to stand with us, not merely to defend the Christian banner but vigorously and pow-

erfully to attack under it, to win the hundreds of millions of mankind to Christianity before they are deceived into communism or atheism.

No one who is missionary neglects to pray and work for the reunion of Christendom.



Father Jacquinot, whose originality and leadership created the Safety Zone known as "Jacquinot Zone" at Shanghai, where as many as 360,000 non-combatants found shelter.

"An Army of Charity!"—

The committee of bishops who head the Catholic War-Relief Association in China are enthusiastic at the prodigal manner in which Catholic missionaries in China have spent themselves for the suffering.

IMPRESS the Catholic child of today with the mission spirit, and the next generation will chronicle a great increase in the Church of Christ.

"The missionary body in China," they state, "has resolved itself into an army of charity."

"One may say that, in the war zone and in its immediate vicinity, every mission house and residence has been pressed into service for the wounded and refugees. Even churches, as in Hanyang, have been converted into hospitals; and schools, as in Kaifeng, have been filled with refugees. On an average it may be computed that each mission territory in this area cares for five to ten thousand refugees and from five hundred to two thousand wounded. During the fighting there, missionaries and Sisters of Shanghai rendered assistance to some five hundred thousand refugees in the Neutral Zone, organized by Père Jacquinot, in the various churches and schools, and especially at Zikawei where more than fifty thousand found shelter and care."

As a result, Chinese and Japanese turn to Catholic missionaries as helpers of the helpless. The Japanese press notes that General Matsui and Vice-Admiral Ki-yoshi Hasegawa have given aid to the "Jacquinot Zone," one gift consisting of \$10,000. Madame Chiang Kai-shek has requested the Catholic missionaries in Hankow to care for thousands of war orphans.

The civil authorities in Canton are entrusting the city's largest hospital, Fong Pin, to the Canadian Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels. Throughout Central China, missionaries meet the hospital trains and carry on first-aid relief in ambulance units, provide shelter for the wounded, care for the homeless. In several cities along the line of the moving armies special encampments, comprising thousands of women and children, have been set up with Catholic missionaries commanding the guards.

Out of the Far Eastern holocaust rises the vision of the messenger of Christ, a messenger of mercy.

Seeing the Whole Picture—

What do the following mean to you—Egypt, Eritrea, Ethiopia, Albania, Bulgaria, Iran, Irak, Transjordan, Turkey, Arabia?

Probably very little. When someone mentions missions to you, you think of the Far East, India, Africa, the South

Seas. But if you were sitting on the Throne of Peter, you could not let yourself be satisfied with a lopsided view of the task of converting all men. You could not say, "I like the Chinese and Indians and Africans, but those Turks and Arabians are miserable fellows—out with them! I'm not wasting my time on them."

The Holy Father does not say that. Last April 25, in a *Motu Proprio* entitled "*Sancta Dei Ecclesia*," our missionary Pontiff reorganized the Sacred Congregations of the Propaganda and of the Oriental Church in such way that there is geographic unity of jurisdiction for the prosecution of mission activities throughout the vast area traditionally known as the Near East, in which live nearly one hundred million souls.

Friends have written from Rome that this reorganization was not a case of Pius XI placing a rubber stamp on someone else's ideas, for the plan was prepared under the Pope's personal direction. Our Vicar of Christ is weighed down with many years and mighty problems; nevertheless, the missionary ideal still governs much of his thinking.

Hats Off to the Governor—

How often have not missionaries wept in exasperation when colonial governments of nations, which should be Christian, insist on ignoring Christianity in their official life and principally in their educational system.

It threatened to be thus in Uganda. Great Britain has been setting up Makerere College in this colony for some years, a central native college for all East Africa. And for long there has been insistence that religion should be ignored. But then came Governor Mitchell, who recently issued an able declaration, which the entire Christian world should make its own.

"There are, I suppose, few British people today," says Governor Mitchell in part, "who are not acutely conscious of the precious heritage of religion and culture, of liberty of thought and freedom of conscience which is ours. . . . We shall be found to agree, that there is no greater service we can render to the people of these countries than to establish upon secure foundations among them an Institution which shall draw its inspiration and the breath of its life from the same rich sources. . . ."

"We British people are a Christian people, ourselves the products of the Christian schools and colleges of our native land, and the only civilization that we know is Christian. If we design to



Lenwood and Albert Jung, born in Trenton, N. J. sons of a laundryman, attended a parochial school in Schenectady until three years ago when their family returned to China to give them the benefit of a Chinese education. Returning to America they now state a definite preference for American parochial schools. Welcome back, Lenwood and Albert!

found a college, we mean by that a Christian college, not in any exclusive sense, for its doors will be open to all, but in the sense that the great liberal seats of learning in our own country are Christian.

"Our task, indeed, if we have any faith in our civilization and in ourselves, is boldly to lead the African peoples forward along the road we are ourselves following, confident if we do, that we have discharged our duty as guardians for them and shall have set them upon courses which, as they march onwards in the generations to come, will bring them ever closer to us and to the things in which we believe. . . ."

Paris Still Reigns—

For over two and a half centuries priests have gone out from the Rue du Bac under the standard of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. During the last half of the nineteenth and the first years of the twentieth century, the Society

flourished in a particular manner and was the outstanding organization in the Church devoted exclusively to foreign missions.

The lay laws in France and the World War seriously interfered with the Society's supply of vocations, and the total priests in the field have dropped in a quarter of a century from 1,300 to 1,000. Nevertheless the Paris Foreign Missions are, if not the largest, at least among the topnotchers in the Church's legions overseas.

The Society today is responsible for territory in which dwell over two hundred million non-Christians. These are distributed in forty-seven different territories, in which, besides the thousand French missionaries, there are 1,624 native priests. Last year alone over two hundred and seventy thousand baptisms were administered in this area, of which fifty-five thousand were of adult converts.

Maryknoll is closely leagued with the Paris Society, for all of our seven territories in the Far East were detached from Paris territories. As a society of secular priests devoted exclusively to missions, Maryknoll is one of a numerous brood that has had birth in the Church according to the Paris idea.

A STRINGLESS shoe can halt your walk. A "Stringless" Gift makes Maryknoll go.

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR



HI, KIDS!

Got a minute to listen to me? I'm Johnny Junior, Father Chin's Office Boy. You can tell me who you are by filling out that blank down there at the bottom of the page and sending it to me, c/o Father Chin, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Now that we're acquainted, see what it says at the top of this page? That's the name of the monthly magazine going free to 50,000 Maryknoll Juniors. It's going to come to you, too, if you join our Maryknoll Junior Club.

Belong to a Club? You do! Righto! Belong to a Mission Club? No? Well, that's not *righto*; you ought to belong to one, and even if you do belong and are not yet a member of my Club, I'm asking you to join mine now. My Club's different from the rest of the kids' Clubs you know about. The members of my Club are having the best time in the world. Know why? They're happy themselves, and then they're helping to make other boys and girls on the other side of the world happy too. Know how? By helping missionaries to bring real joy to pagan boys and girls through prayer and sacrifices.

Our Maryknoll Juniors don't pretend to be sissies; they're out doing a man's job. They're apostles, missionaries-at-home who back up missionaries-in-pagan-lands. And they come to know and love the missions by reading our Club magazine, THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR, each month. Bet none of you kids can boast a Club with a real magazine! If you become one of us, you can—and you'll be mighty proud of your membership. One more difference in my Club—no initiation! Just fill out this blank and send it on NOW.

Date.....

Dear Johnny Junior,

Please enroll me as a member of your Maryknoll Junior Club now. I'll do my best to help the missions by prayer and sacrifice, and from what you say above, I know there aren't any dues!

Name Age

Address

.....





Maryknoll Want Ads
Fish for Maryknoll
while
Maryknollers Fish for Souls

WANTED—Five gifts of \$500 each for five country chapels for the Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

WANTED—Eight gifts of \$100 each to support eight seminarians in the Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

WANTED—Two gifts of \$3,000 each for two rectories in the city of Kyoto, Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

WANTED—\$5,000 for

chapel and rectory at Tsungkow, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

WANTED—\$1,500 for land for a mission compound at Linkiang, Fushun Prefecture, Manchukuo.

WANTED—\$1,500 for erection of chapel and rectory at Kangkei, Peng Yang Prefecture, Korea.

WANTED—\$800 to maintain the new mission station of Yunhui, Wu-

chow Vicariate, South China.

WANTED—Two gifts of \$100 for the equipment of two dispensaries in the Prefecture of Kweilin, South China.

WANTED—\$2,000 for small central church, Kweilin City, Kweilin Prefecture, South China.

WANTED—Three gifts of \$500 each for three pieces of land as mission sites in Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

ECW

Address: Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

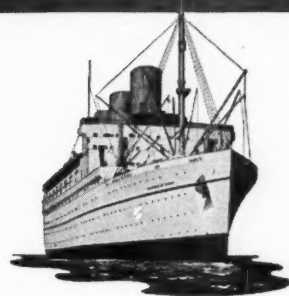
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☐ *The Maryknoll Annuity*

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Canadian Pacific

Turn Your Specs on Our Problem

MARYKNOLL NEEDS \$1,000 A DAY!

Besides the support of our 582 Maryknollers at \$1 a day, we have to maintain not simply one, but literally HUNDREDS of institutions in the Orient: chapels, churches, schools, seminaries, orphanages, hospitals, dispensaries, homes for the aged, etc.

Support a missionary at \$1 a day, for as many days each month as you can afford. Share a missionary's burden and you will also share his crown.

Turn to page 235 and fill out the coin-card blank.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

